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CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

Is this a new term in England? There are many other designations in which the word 'co-operative' takes part—such as co-operative production, exemplified in the cotton and woollen mills owned by working-men in Lancashire and Yorkshire; co-operative mining, known in principle, if not under that identical name, by the tin and copper miners of Cornwall, and by a few among the coal-miners of the north; co-operative land-buying and house-building, familiar to the members of land and building societies; co-operative money-lending, usually combined in some way with the operations of these same societies; and co-operative stores, for (professedly) buying retail at wholesale prices, as the Pioneers of Rochdale have done successfully for many years past, and as many families in the metropolis are now attempting to do. It matters little, however, whether the name co-operative housekeeping be new among us; the interesting questions are: What does it mean, and is there any good in it? An American lady has recently sketched a plan on the subject, developed to a certain degree of completeness—not in the 'Woman's Rights' tone adopted by so many of her countrywomen, but in a plain and sensible manner. She does not afford us the means of mentioning her name, seeing that the scheme has been treated partly in a small book or pamphlet published anonymously, and partly in the pages of one of the most widely circulated American periodicals.

It is in reference especially to the state of society across the Atlantic that this scheme has been brought forward; but many points present themselves as data for comparison between the two countries. The lady-writer looks with much anxiety at the position of her countrywomen. Be the cause what it may, be the fault where it may, American women in the well-to-do classes have an insufficiency of employment. As, in England, club-life takes men away too much from their families (in the estimation, at least, of the families themselves); so, in the United States, does

hotel-life prevent the formation of those social domestic habits which form the charm of the family circle. American ladies, daughters of mercantile and professional men, are nurtured very delicately, and are chivalrously protected from all the harder and sterner experiences of life. The same thing, to a large extent, prevails in England, but (so far as evidence goes) not to so great an excess. The writer states very decidedly that one consequence of this is, the encouraging a habit of expensive dress; a young man finds such a wife a very costly treasure; and, as a consequence, other young men delay marriage to a late period, or do not marry at all. It is the *Saturday Review* over again, the *Materfamilias* of the *Times* over again; only, in this instance, the writer treats mournfully and affectionately of her own countrywomen—urging them, rather than the men, to bring about a more healthy tone of affairs. What English families think of American hotel-life, is to some extent known to most readers; what this American lady thinks of English club-life, is sufficiently denoted in the following impassioned words: 'The English club-house, stronghold of intensest egotism, built of women's hearts, and cemented with their tears—the living tomb of love.' As to the dress question, this lady says: 'A woman cannot dress with mere neatness in these times under two hundred dollars a year.' Now, this is equal to about forty pounds. Would English ladies assent to this statement, so far as they are concerned? There are, we are told, two million women in the United States whose social position would claim for them the designation of ladies (in a country without a titled or hereditary aristocracy); and among these two millions are a formidable phalanx reared elegantly, dressed expensively, and very little employed in any useful pursuits.

Other suggested modes of social and individual improvement we pass over here, in order to notice one of very remarkable kind, sketched by the lady-writer to whom we are referring. Let not a reader at once pooh-pooch it as absurd and impracticable; for, in the first place, its failure could only be

proved by actual trial; and, in the second place, it is primarily intended for America, where many phases of society present themselves, little known in England. The purpose held in view is twofold—to economise a little in housekeeping, and to give women—especially the wives and daughters of commercial and professional men—an incentive to more active and useful employment than at present. It is a scheme for co-operative house-keeping, for applying to family wants and family duties the principle that underlies the co-operative system generally. Not—as in the schemes of Robert Owen, Fourier, St Simon, Cabot, and other dreamers—that families are all to live together under one roof, and share everything in common; they are only invited to lessen the cost of food, fuel, cooking, dress, sewing, washing, &c., by adopting the organised instead of the piecemeal plan.

This is how it is to be done. Women are to do everything connected with the matter, as far as possible; seeing that an improved employment of women's time and thoughts is one of the objects in view. Wives may be considered to have no capital, apart from their husbands; and both household duties and social prejudices might seem to militate against the adoption of anything like a trading scheme by the mothers and matrons of families, or by a wife with no purse to study but her husband's. These difficulties it is sought to overcome. What the bread-winner gives to the housewife, to support the weekly expenses, is to be made to go further and to do more than at present. How curiously is the whirlwind of American life depicted in the following words! 'Our husbands and fathers are already overworked in this mad American rush of ours. They cannot stop to mend the holes made in their pockets by the relentless family expenses.' And the other sex is invited to come to the rescue: 'The wives and daughters who enjoy the fruits of this thought and toil can do it for them most daintily, if they will only lay their white hands together, and give to it a few hours of every day.'

We are invited to suppose a case where, in any town or district, a considerable number of women, wives and daughters of families, are willing to form a Co-operative Housekeeping Association. They choose a president and secretary. They draw up a constitution and by-laws; taking as a model, so far as applicable, those of the Equitable Pioneers at Rochdale (a body which has attracted much attention in America), and of some other successful co-operative undertakings in England. The main purpose of the association is to be 'to furnish the households of its members, for cash on delivery, with the necessaries of life, unadulterated and of good quality, and accurately prepared, both as to food and clothing, for immediate use and consumption;' and the secondary purpose, 'to accumulate, from the profits of this sale, capital for each individual housekeeper or her family.' Whatever committees, councils, managers, superintendents, &c. may be appointed, all the offices are to be filled by women—with an exception presently to be mentioned. They are not to become traders, except among themselves. The association is to sell only to members; and a rigorous system of ready-money payments is to be adopted. Not only is it contemplated to sell food-materials and dress-materials, but food ready to eat, and dresses ready to put on; because the hope

is, to save expense, loss, waste, trouble, and annoyance in cooking, laundry-work, sewing, and servants. The authoress mentions a fact, or rather puts forth an estimate, which may possibly serve as a means of comparing family expenses in the two countries; to the effect that, 'in town and city families, twelve hundred dollars (about £240) a year pass through the hands of the mistress for food, fuel, servants, and dress.' Every English reader will be able to determine for himself what kind of establishment this would denote in our own country, and what amount of total income would be required by the husband or head of a family living in this mode. In America, it is said to denote 'a family living with moderation and economy.' The authoress insists (and indeed it is her main purpose to shew) that a system of co-operative housekeeping might be made to effect large savings in all these four items—food, dress, servants, and fuel for cooking and washing.

The association is to sell at a fair profit, analogous to that realised in ordinary trade; and not at cost price. This is advocated on the ground that the profit, when shared among the members periodically, will be more available useful than if it came in daily dribbles; and because experience has led to a similar result in England. The association 'will accept no voluntary labour, but will, as far as possible, fill its offices with its own members, or their female relatives and friends, at fixed salaries.' So far this is consistent with one of the avowed objects of the movement; but the authoress urges that her sex shall not be ranked lower than men, unless there be a good assignable reason: 'these salaries, as well as the wages of all its clerks and servants, shall be the same as would be paid to men holding similar positions.' She thinks it necessary gradually to remove the prejudice that 'ladies will not work for money;' and this is one of the means to effect the removal. Once again, we must, throughout these observations, remember that America is the country held chiefly in view.

It is to be one of the rules of the association that any housekeeper may be received as a member, and that all the members shall be equal in the eyes of the association. Let us not run away with the idea that democratic America is democratic in everything. 'Women,' we are told, 'being at present essentially aristocratic, many may demur to this article, as tending to introduce into their companionship those who are not of their own set.' But this, it is urged, is a feeling which must not, cannot, be introduced in trade. 'In business, social distinctions are not recognised. Money is money, whether it comes from the poor or the rich; and if a mechanic's wife wishes to be a co-operative housekeeper, though she may buy less and simpler food and clothing than a broker's or a lawyer's wife, yet, if she pay as punctually for it, she has as good a business standing in the association as they.' There is also the consideration that, in *making and doing* (part of the services paid for by women to women), the women of the middle and humbler class would be directly needed. As much as possible, all employed would be members, and all members would be employed. In order to insure that wealth shall not drive out the humbler element, each member shall have only one vote at the general and committee meetings of management.

Of course there must be a little capital to start

with; and this is provided by weekly payments from every member, up to a certain amount, which shall be regarded as the value of the share. When the trading has been going on some little time, the accounts are to be balanced quarterly. Let us suppose (1) that there is a loss (which would seem to denote bad management in some quarter or other); (2) that there is a small profit; (3) that there is a moderate profit; (4) that there is a large profit. If there is a loss, the members must bear the loss among them; by paying up a small addition for each share; in order that the working capital may not be reduced below its original amount. If there is a small profit, it will be divided among the members as far as it goes. If it reaches a certain average, moderate, or expected amount, it will bear a definite ratio to the money price of each share, like a definite amount of interest on capital. If the profit goes higher than this, then the large purchasers will begin to reap an additional benefit; for, after the fixed rate of dividend or interest has been provided for, the surplus will be distributed according to the largeness of the purchases made. A lady has no more voting power than a humbler housekeeper; but as her purchases are likely to be larger, she will find a proportionate benefit whenever the profits of the association are good.

But amidst all these details about profits and dividends, what are the things bought and sold, and how are the buying and selling to be managed? The main departments of household economy to be attended to are dress, washing, and cooking, including the wherewithal for those important matters. There are to be three committees, superintending these three departments. The dress department (if the association be tolerably large) will comprise a store, a fitting-room, a sewing-room, &c. A stock will be kept, comprising all the principal materials for women's and children's clothing—to such an extent, and of such variety, as the committee may from time to time deem best. In the sewing-room there will be needlewomen, with or without sewing-machines. These women will, as much as possible, be members of the association, receiving pay as workers, but at the same time having a share in the management and in the profits. If they consent, they will all dress alike, and will be provided with comfortable dinners and teas in the cookery department of the establishment. It points to a noticeable difference between England and America, in regard to young women engaged in workrooms and factories, that provision is to be made for gymnastics or calisthenics, as a corrective of some of the evils attendant on too close plying at the needle. Young women in America indulge in more dancing than their own class in England; and the store and workroom are to be occasionally cleared out for a ball.

The co-operative laundry can, it is admitted, be managed more easily than the co-operative dress department, because there is less diversity in tastes and in processes. The same is not the case, however, in the co-operative kitchen. Here our authoress confesses that the chief difficulties will have to be encountered. But she regards these as difficulties to be conquered, not to be succumbed to. She says we must consult all the hotel plans, restaurant plans, public-dinner plans, cheap-cookery plans, &c. adopted in the chief European towns; and she merrily adds, that 'it will be hard if

Yankee brains cannot invent a "Universal Heat-generating Air-tight Family Dinner Box." Perhaps she is not aware how remarkably near M. Sørensen's curious Norwegian stove approaches to this character.

Men-folk are to have a *little* to do with the Co-operative Housekeeping Association. There is to be a council of the male heads of families, to assist in the larger financial matters, and to advise in difficult questions. The mistress of a household cannot, must not, become a member without the sanction and approval of her husband—this is set down as a *sine quâ non*. 'Being our governors, no such enterprise as co-operative housekeeping could be started or sustained without their sympathy and consent; and as they have now the power of veto on our housekeeping arrangements by virtue of being also our bread-winners, so, as their funds alone would sustain co-operative housekeeping, they should have the same power there. We should simply have to trust, as we do now, that our reasonableness and good judgment and study to please them, would in general be such as to shield us from blame and reproach.' A change in the laws relating to the property of married women would have much to do with the form which such an association might eventually assume.

Co-operative housekeeping may or may not be suitable to England; but it is certainly brought forward in a sensible, womanly, and thoroughly honest spirit.

K I T T Y.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Combe was a delicious old farmhouse, all red brick and rich green ivy, nestling low down amidst the warm soft hills of Midlandshire.

To call it a farmhouse, however, hardly gives an idea of what it was. Approaching it from the back, by the poppy-edged path through the corn-fields, and down the daisy-covered hill-slope that brought you right upon it with a run, it *was* a farmhouse. There were accurate haystacks reared about it; there were tidy pig-sties and cow-houses, and cart-sheds and long low barns; and there were the deep utterance of the kine in their comfortable shelter, and the impertinent cackle of turkey-cock, and goose, and fowl. But approaching the Combe from the front, it would never have been known as a farmhouse at all. Its little diamond-paned windows peeped out upon a broad lawn, edged with laurels, and box, and daphnes, and studded here and there with a copper-beech, or a cluster of dark pines; it had a broad carriage-way leading up to the house-door; there were seats upon the lawn under the spreading trees; its window-sills were filled with blooming and scented plants; and everything was so bright and smooth it might have been a small mansion, or a gentleman's quiet country-seat. But it *was* a farmhouse for all that, only a very prosperous and well-regulated one.

Attached to this delightful, cosy Combe was a vinery; a broad, aslant-roofed, old-world thing, glistening and scorching in the sun under the south wall; and in this vinery were the Combe's master, Michael Courtney, and Kitty, his one daughter and only child. As the two stood together under the slope of sunny green leaves

and purple fruit, they did not look like father and child at all. Mr Courtney was bent and shabby, and looking lost or scared, in his rough, gray, country-cut clothes, that would have assumed his shape when he was out of them, so long had they been worn upon his great wide form; Kitty was in a charming morning-dress, that had no fold upon it but those given by laundress and *modiste*, and she wore it with such ease and prettiness of demeanour, as gave perfect assurance she could accommodate herself to silks and jewels, and 'society,' every bit as well. Old Michael looked hard-worked, unwieldy, poor; Kitty had liteness, and grace, and beauty, with *fair* of having never done anything in her life at all. So as they stood side by side in the tinted sunlight, unless heed were paid to what the two were saying, and to the manner in which they said it, the tie that bound them could never have been guessed. Every word of their little history would have had to be told.

'Never mind, pap,' were Kitty Courtney's words. This was her baby-name for papa, and it was the one still most frequently on her lips. 'It is no matter, dear. Come with me.'

'I can't, Kitty,' said Mr Courtney; 'I can't, I can't;' and though his daughter was touching his arm to persuade him to come away, he did not yield to her, but put his hand up to his forehead, and rubbed it with a sort of testy despair. 'I must,' he said again, in difficulty and in trouble; 'I must—I must—see if it will grow!'

'Next year, pap, dear, perhaps,' Kitty soothed him, and smiled out. 'We will come and look at it again, by-and-by. Come out into the garden now. It is too hot to stay long in here. Come, dear; come.'

Then one can understand, as Kitty tries again to win her father away, that this is only the memory left to her of the great active man whose voice was round and cheery once, whose hand was sure at his gun, whose saddle was as often his resting-place as his chair. Then one can understand that this is but the ruin of bright friendly Michael Courtney. The ruddy skin is soft and white now; the hand never gets its aim; the eyes are dulled; and there is a look upon the face that means that something has been taken from it, and that its trouble and distress must ever rest there, whilst that something remains away. But there is the love left for what the dear father has been; there is the great pity for what he is now; and with him, on his side, there is the flickering recollection of the old life, the old pursuits, making all novelty distasteful, and leading him to linger in the greenhouse this sunny morning, with the anxiety only of the occupation that was his pleasure in years gone by.

Kitty could not induce him to go now. She tried again, with the pleasantry she would often break into, and that would sometimes win. 'You think a vapour-bath is good for me, pap,' she said. 'You are turning doctor, now mamma is too active to let you continue farmer, and you are forcing me to take what you prescribe. But do come away, to please me, dear. Do let us go.'

'But it *ought* to grow,' said Mr Courtney, rubbing his head still, and worrying himself over a young plant that was sickly, and shewed only a few stunted leaves. 'Why doesn't it? Where did it come from, Kitty? Who brought it?'

'Don't you remember?' asked Kitty. The name she would have to utter was one that always

gave her heart a check; and, even before the audience of this dear father, she held back. 'Come, who was it now?' she cried, trying to evade an answer. 'Remember, pap, dear. Think!'

'I can't, Kitty! I can't!' cried Michael Courtney; his hands up despairingly to his forehead, appealing, as it seemed, for memory, just as he would for sight, had he been blind.

Kitty was touched and penitent. 'You shan't try, pap,' she cried. 'I will tell you. It was—it was—Mr Musgrave, from Bracklington House, pap, dear.'

'Mr Musgrave, Kitty?'

'Yes, dear. Abel—Hamilton—Musgrave, of Bracklington—House.'

'But didn't he die, Kitty?'

'Yes, pap; your old friend, the father. But it was—it was—Mr—Mr Abel, the son, who sent the plant. And, perhaps, pap, dear, it doesn't thrive because he doesn't thrive either!'

'Why, he was very rich, Kitty. I sold him my spotted mare!'

'Yes, old Mr Musgrave, dear. But when he died, you know—and it is only two years ago—it was found that he had not so much money as people thought; and young Mr A—Mr—Abel could scarcely keep on the factory, and at last he failed.'

'Ah, I don't remember, Kitty; I had forgotten,' said Mr Courtney sadly. He was conscious still, at times, of his helplessness; and when he was, that made Kitty pity him so very much the more.

'Never mind, love,' she cried tenderly.

'I can remember,' old Courtney went on with his lamentation, 'what happened years ago, but nothing that is going on to-day!'

'Never mind, love,' Kitty answered again.

'What does it matter? When you were young, everything was very pleasant to you; so keep on thinking about it. Don't trouble about what comes now. It isn't nice, pap, dear, at all.'

Mrs Courtney appeared now, and did in one order all that Kitty's coaxing, in all these minutes, had entirely failed to do. She was one of those tall, thin, upright ladies, dark-eyed and dark-haired, with a just distinguishable trace of down upon the upper lip, who are admired for dash and bravery when they are young, but who become somewhat too candid and masterful when they are getting old. She possessed, as all her breed do, small features, which were pretty, and a small head; she had well-marked eyebrows and excellent teeth, with a particularly lax tongue, and a good solid quantity of self-belief. But she was a good creature; an active leader in anything that was right; a thorough abhorrer of everything that was wrong. She was not tender, but she was true; and all honour to her.

'Catherine,' she cried, as she came to the inner vinery-door—no baby-names with her—'bring your father to the drawing-room, as quickly as you can. I see the Folletts at the turn of the road, and you must go to them, as I am busy, and chat till I come. Make haste!'

And Mr Courtney suffered himself to be led away by Kitty without another glance or word; and she placed him in his chair by the open drawing-room window, just where his eyes could best fall on the sea of hills in front of him, and where the sun was shaded nicely from his smooth bald head, and then the door was widely opened, and the Misses Follett were ushered in.

They were good-natured girls, rather loud-talking, rather loosely made, long-handed, fair-haired, dressed neither in good taste nor in garments of well-assorted colours; but they had a faculty for keeping the neighbourhood alive with picnics, and teas, and dances, and so they had their purpose in their generation, and fulfilled it in a very pleasant way.

Much gossip fell from them about the town of Aberminster, two miles distant, where they lived, and from which they had just walked; and then Mrs Courtney had finished the business that had kept her this short while from them, and came bustling in.

'You have come about the picnic, of course,' she cried directly she had shaken hands and said how do you do. 'Have you fixed what day it is to be?'

Kitty could not resist a little laugh. 'Mamma loses no time, you see,' she cried. 'She is a first-rate economist in other things besides her farm. Only let a social sun shine, and over goes her hay!'

'And why not, Catherine?' asked Mrs Courtney, surprised that her rapidity should be taken for rapidity, or for anything but the proper opposite to sloth. 'I know Jane and Sophia would not come out to the Combe without they had something to come about; and of course it is the picnic. I was sure it was the picnic when I saw them on the road; and I am not wrong, my dears, am I?'

'You are quite right, Mrs Courtney,' one Miss Follett said; and 'That was the very thing,' the other Miss Follett said; and then, whilst Mrs Courtney rang for plates and glasses, and they were brought, and she produced and served delicious rice-cake and gooseberry-wine, the visitors made known between them that an early day in the ensuing month had been fixed on, and that the *locus* unanimously chosen for the gathering was the squire's seat, Ashbury Hall.

'Of course the ladies invite the gentlemen,' further made known one of the Misses Follett.

'Of course,' said Mrs Courtney, refilling the young ladies' glasses with her clear gooseberry-wine. 'To be sure!'

'Well, then,' said the other of the Misses Follett, 'we are puzzled about Abel Musgrave. In his case we don't know what to do.'

Kitty was open-tongued in a moment. 'Puzzled!' she echoed, with a quick flush. 'Why, Jinny and Sophy, what *can* you mean?'

'Catherine,' Mrs Courtney interposed, 'don't be so hasty over nothing at all. Jane and Sophia mean, of course, because he has failed. It might not be agreeable to some people to meet him now he has become so poor.'

'Mamma!'

'Well, he is poor, Catherine,' the arithmetical Mrs Courtney said. 'All the pity and liking for him in the world cannot alter facts. He is very clever, and pleasant, and considerate, but you can't make money out of *that*, so it's of no use to try.'

'But the meanness of letting money make any difference!' Kitty in her warm indignation cried. 'At Christmas, when he was laid up with his broken leg, he couldn't visit, of course; but now that he is beginning to get about again, and wants a little cheering, to turn from him, merely because he has lost his money, is a great deal too bad!'

'Mind, I don't say it would make any difference to *me*,' Mrs Courtney began.

'Oh!' cried Kitty, a little bit appeased.

'It was of others I was thinking. But be a little calm, and we will talk it over. Let us see.'

So, whilst the Misses Follett partook heartily of their cake and wine (a walk through two miles of lanes and highways would have given sweet flavour to less dainty fare), a canvassing was gone through of Master Abie Musgrave, and his fate was settled. He *should* be invited to the picnic, the verdict went; whereupon Kitty cooled down a little, although, when the Folletts had finished their visit, and she was walking with them, without her mother, to the Combe gate, she gave them such further fillip for their hesitation as from other lips would have sharply stung.

'How commercial you are, with your weights and scales!' she cried. 'The people you visit must have a precise value, the same as so many pounds of tea! You will be counting bones next, and if any one have the misfortune to lose a finger, you'll say he mustn't associate with us, who have our normal ten!'

'Nonsense, Kitty, how wildly you talk,' said one of the Misses Follett; and the other didn't say much more; partly because there wasn't enough in them for much 'say,' and partly because no one—except Mrs Courtney—attempted anything against Miss Kitty. They would have come off badly in the venture if they had!

'Why, people with one arm—soldiers, injured men—mustn't sit at the same table with you,' was Kitty's next cry; and what of people who are minus two! Really, Jinny and Sophy, I hadn't thought you could be so mean!'

The three had got to the gate now, and the Folletts took their rubbing laughingly, as it was intended, and then they went. Kitty stayed a minute at the gate to watch them to the bend of the road, and then, as she was enjoying the quiet and the sun, the thoughts that were nowhere if they were not with Abie Musgrave, were sent suddenly scattering by the sound of a horse's hoofs.

She turned hastily to go away. Stirred on a subject very dear to her, she was in no mood for the commonplace chat that must have come from her if the rider proved to be any one she knew; and she was just making her retreat behind a laurel hedge, when the horseman rode swiftly up to the gate, and she saw it was the very he of whom her thoughts were full! It was the man whose misfortunes were to be overlooked—it was Mr Musgrave!

She was back again to where she had started from directly, her face one bright open smile. A moment before, she had imagined words upon her lips, that had coloured her cheeks with blushes as she thought of them, and that she thought she *must* have uttered if Mr Musgrave could have come before her; but now, face to face in this way unexpectedly, usage—or, it may be, self-defence—gave her its involuntary armour, and she met him with only her ordinary pleasantries, and with a frank open hand.

He was better? she hoped. And he was enjoying a ride this nice summer day? He would move a little while she opened the gate, and let him in? He would stay, of course, now that he had come?

'No,' Mr Musgrave answered, thanking her with a face and hand as frank and friendly as his own. He would like, but as he couldn't, he must keep on saying no.

Then Kitty laughed, and said she saw through

it all. 'You saw the Folletts at the gate,' she cried, 'and you want to catch them up! I wish I had known, I would have kept them, just this one minute, back!'

'Well, they are not so far,' said Mr Musgrave—a tall, brown, bearded man, with eyes that looked down on Kitty very contented and bright. 'If I am so anxious, I could catch them up.'

'Don't let me keep you, then,' said Kitty, making a very elaborate mock-bow.—But she wanted him to stay with all her heart!

'Thank you,' laughed Abie, in her own vein. 'You are, as I have ever found you, *extremely* kind.'

'Good-bye, then,' went on Kitty. 'I won't detain you. Why don't you go?'

'It is such a pleasure to see you, Miss Kitty,' said Abie, imitating her lavish bow. 'The few moments I have to spare, I would rather spend where I am.'

If this had not been said so banteringly, it would have been exactly what Kitty would have liked to hear; but how could she tell whether, underneath Mr Musgrave's jesting, there was a meaning as warm as her own? She could only give her little laugh again, therefore, and she bent to stroke the horse on which Mr Musgrave sat.

'It is a pretty creature,' she said, toying with its mane. 'It must be a treat, now you are lame, to be able still to ride.'

'It is a treat that is only mine,' answered Abie Musgrave, 'through the kindness of Edward Sumner. I cannot afford to keep a horse now, Miss Kitty.'

Kitty spoke in a lowered tone. 'Not one, Mr Musgrave?' she asked—'not one?'

'No,' Abie quietly answered her—'not one. The Bracklington House stables are useless now; I might as well have them all pulled down.'

'You must miss *Old Sol*, then, sadly,' said Miss Courtney. 'I know you have ridden many a pleasant mile on him.'

'What colour was *Old Sol*, Miss Kitty?' asked Musgrave, smiling again, and making her look up with a smile too.

'Why,' said Kitty, recovering her usual way, 'he had a blue beard, of course, and a spotted tail; and his legs were yellow, and his back green; and his head and ears were the new *mauve*!'

'It was a clever thing, then,' laughed Musgrave, 'to sell him, and especially for a fair sum!'

'To be sure,' cried Kitty; 'just as clever as you should be; but no more. Any one could sell a gray horse or a brown!'

'Well, look at this I am on now,' said Musgrave. 'Does he look like my good *Old Sol*? How could you be deceived?'

'Poor old horse!' cried Kitty, seeing then it was really Musgrave's attached old friend. 'I am so glad you can have him still.'

'Yes, it was very kind of Sumner,' answered Abie. 'He bought him of me, and said, whenever I wanted him I only had to ask. But now, the thing is, that I cannot ask, Miss Kitty! I cannot afford a ride now in the middle of the day. I must mind my business. I was obliged to come out this morning to see the squire—he had written for me; but I have overstepped my time now, and I must go.'

He held his hand out to bid good-bye; but it did not seem as if he wanted to be away.

'It has made my ride the pleasanter,' he said

again, 'having had this little chat with you; but I must not over-stay my time.'

How Kitty wished that words would come to her that would be right to say! How she wished the choking at her heart would go, and that she could speak to Musgrave as she would to any other man! 'When—when will you come to see mamma?' she hurried out, because she knew the time was vanishing in which she could say anything at all. She could not speak as calmly as she liked, but she must say something. 'You—you are such a stranger at the Combe!'

'I am a stranger everywhere now,' said Musgrave gravely. 'I must use myself to that.'

'Not here,' said Kitty, letting her eyes fall the moment she had ventured to lift them up—'not at the Combe!'

Could Abie Musgrave guess what her pretty trepidation meant? Did he know why her laugh was gone, and why her blushes rose so whilst he held her strangely trembling hand? Kitty could not tell. If the knowledge had been of all things the best life to her, it could not come to her, and she must stay unwise. She knew that Abie said he had spent *many* happy evenings at the Combe; she knew he said that he must come soon to thank Mrs Courtney for having been so kind to him when he was ill; for having thought of so many little dainties to do him good; and she knew he said again that he could not over-stay his time, with that strange lingering that had sounded in his voice before; but she knew no more. He had let go her hand at last, and he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

'How absurd I am!' Kitty Courtney said to herself the moment after. 'How *very* absurd I am! Here have I been talking to Abie Musgrave and never said a syllable to him about Ashbury Hall! And he looked so sad and overborne too! I might have thought of something that would have been a little pleasure. Bah! As though a *man* would care about a picnic! At anyrate, such a man as Abie—when, too, he has business matters troubling him, and has to fight only to keep his home! But I might have said something kind! No man is too manly to be moved when people are kind. Certainly, if he thinks I am a hard-hearted, unsympathetic person, I have only myself to blame. But why is he always so distant?—No, not distant; but just—just—just what I don't wish him to be, and that I never would be to him! I wish he knew that I had spoken up so much for him this morning, that I don't in the least care for money, and like him every bit as much now that he is poor!'

Miss Courtney sauntered on—down the laurel hedge, to where some tall trees sheltered her from the sun. The same song was sung by her thoughts still. The next time she saw Mr Musgrave, she *would* know from his manner whether he cared for her or not. It was only the certainty she wanted; it was only that she was longing to be sure! If he did *not* love her, why, then, so be it—amen. That would be the all. She supposed she could sustain a struggle as well as other men and women who had had to deliver up their best hope. She could chain *her* thoughts as others had had to chain theirs. She could stay *her* heart. It was to be done. But surely, surely, Abie *must* care! She could not have mistaken

all the signs that made up the tale that was such heaven! Surely he must—he must!

And Miss Courtney sauntered on still: past the verberna beds and hollyhocks—past the vinery on to the lawn; the scales adjusted in her mind still; the balance down on the side that was heavy with her heart's big wish. Then she told herself she was a little fool—which was pretty much what she had begun with—and she put an end to all her cogitations by a toss in the air of her pretty head, and a movement of her hands as if she would clear the mist from before her eyes.

Nevertheless, in spite of all renunciation, Kitty found that thoughts of Mr Musgrave would steal to her. An unexpected opportunity to meet him came. Those administrative girls, the Folletts, determined to have a little tea before the Ashbury Hall picnic, that arrangements might be talked over, and so be insured to run smooth; and to this Mr Musgrave and the Courtneys were invited. It made Kitty in a rapturous state of elevation. Her toilette for that happy evening became a matter of serious and blissful moment. Should she be dressed in white muslin, with rolls of blue velvet twisted in and out her hair? Or should she choose her pale-gray silk with poppy trimmings, and nothing in her hair at all? There were no eyes she thought of pleasing but Abel Musgrave's; and, of course, she knew his taste. And she made her choice for the neat gray; and, when the evening came, she put it on, and before the great cloak was wrapped round her that was to hide her all away during the half-hour's drive to town, she went down to her father, to give him her kiss and her good-bye.

A good 'auntie,' a small sister of the big Mrs Courtney, was with him (and able to stay with him all the evening, or Kitty would not have gone away), and the two looked up, brightened, when she opened the door and came in.

'Pap,' she said, with her hand upon his round bald head, 'it seems so unkind to be going out, and to leave you here.' She was so glad herself—she was warmed to such ecstasy—she felt more than ever how much her father was denied. 'Don't you think mamma and me very wicked things?'

'It's no use going, Kitty,' said Mr Courtney simply; 'I can't walk, and I can't see.'

Kitty knew that, and that was why such love and pity came from her in a deep-pressed kiss. 'You dear old pap,' she said—'you good dear old pap!'

'And I went once, Kitty,' continued the old man. 'I was a spry young fellow in my day.'

Kitty knew that too; and she thought still more of the pleasure that was hers now, and that she trusted would soon be hers never to go away. 'You are a good pap,' she cried again—'you are a good, charming, dear old pap!'

'You won't be long, Kitty?' asked Mr Courtney. 'You will come back very soon?'

'Yes; very soon,' Kitty soothed him with—she never liked her or her mother to be away. And she thought of what the 'soon' would be to her, and of the happiness the next few hours would reveal.

She could not stay any more. Her mother sent to tell her the carriage was at the door, and she gave her aunt and father a parting kiss, and went down. Then, with a flush upon her cheek that made her look so much prettier than usual, that

even Mrs Courtney noticed it, and gave a sharp glance at her as they passed through the hall, the drive to Aberminster and the Folletts' house began. There was much to listen to during its pleasant two miles. Mrs Courtney always had plenty to say on every subject in existence, and there was no reason why she should be less loquacious to-day than was her wont; so Kitty's dress—she cried—would certainly hang over the phaeton's side and get spoiled with mud—and her hair would get sadly roughened if she did not draw down her veil—and her own dress was so tight and uncomfortable across the chest, she was sorry now she had put it on. But Kitty was little the worse, or better, for the perpetual stream. She was going to see Abie Musgrave, and that was enough talk for her. When her mother told her of her dress, she quietly drew it in; when she spoke about her hair, she let her veil fall down; but *her* theme was Abie Musgrave, and all this rest was only foreign chords. She was going to Abie Musgrave, to talk to him, to sit by his side; perhaps, even she was going to sing to him—she had some of his favourite songs with her in the phaeton now; and she would just say to him gently, delicately, that she had other music that would please him when he had inclination enough to come; and she was sure his answer would be the very substance of her bright hope. It couldn't be in any other way!

She looked very pretty, stepping into the large cool room, by her tall and handsome mother's side. Her ample cloak was gone then, and the grace and heartiness of her manners had nothing to conceal them, as she gave and received a cordial greeting from everybody there.—Had Mr Musgrave come? was the sharp question of every pulse she had.—Yes! was the answer the same moment from her eyes. And she was led to him by Jinny Follett, and placed on a chair the very next to the one on which he sat.

Then, of course, her glad story ran? and she had warm answers exactly as she had hoped? No; not at all. Not one of the phrases she had rehearsed would come to her—not one could leave her tongue! Nothing was just as she had imagined it, so all her scheme was tangled, and no speech would fit! She had not expected to have found Mr Musgrave already arrived; she had thought to have been seated on the couch when he was helped in, and that this would have been the very couch on which naturally he would have been brought to sit. She had thought, then, that when those who knew him best had been up to make a little court to him, she would have been left alone to have made, just as naturally, the court that little much the more; but now she saw her mother and she must have left the Combe considerably too late, or else the Folletts were hurrying things on considerably too soon, for here was tea announced directly, and she had only asked Abie about his health, and other conventional little pros and cons, and she positively had not another opportunity for a word with him at all!

No, not all the evening long; actually, not all the evening long. She was not seated next to him at tea. Tea was a real meal at such times in Midlandshire, entailing placement at the table, and consequent shutting-off from chat with any folk but those at either hand. She could speak to him, of course, but it was only of such things as any Anne or Mary opposite to her could have talked about just as well, and as could have been

transmitted from one end of the table to the other openly, like the apricot jelly and rich almond-coated cake. She was not seated next to him at cards; these, and not music, were brought forward as the entertainment of the evening, and she and Abie both were marshalled off among the young and merry folk to the lively 'round game at cards;' but she might as well have been as far off him as the Combe, for she could only ask him from the distance, as she asked all the others, about a 'natural,' and whether he was 'content.' Then supper brought the same disappointment; he was four people from her, on the same side. She would not even have known that he was there, unless she had bent her head. *His*, therefore, were not the eyes that were attentive to her—*his* were not the hands that passed her anything she might desire. And, directly supper was over, Mrs Courtney rose to go away. She always did. She always would be the first, punctiliously, to rise from table—resisting every entreaty to remain for supplemental and freer gaiety after cold fowl and riddles had done their work. So there was Kitty up again in the bedroom, being helped on with her cloak, tucking her music-bundle behind her drapery, that it might not be seen that she had brought it, and feeling that she was no nearer the knowledge she had been longing for than if she had said no to the Folletts' invitation, and had staid at home!

Her attempt at concealment of her well-filled leathern music-roll was seen, and a sharp comment on it made.

'Why, we have never had a song!' the Folletts and a group of other girls cried. 'What a shame, Kitty, to bring your music, and then to leave it here!'

It is not pleasant, certainly, to take a music-budget anywhere, and then not to be asked to open it; but this was so small a matter to Kitty Courtney compared to that other budget she had had no chance to open, that she could afford it a very good-natured laugh. 'Oh!' she cried, pushing the obtruding portion of her roll tight in, 'it will do another time! It is not like the cream-cheese some of you have been declining to take to Ashbury—it will keep!'

And she laughed still more when she was in the quiet moonlight, in the phaeton, being driven home; and more still when the drive was over, and she was in the solitude of her own silent room. What—she asked herself—had her evening been? What had it all come to, now it was at an end? Its little events were all before her, spread out like one of her old school-sums, and what were they, now she could reckon them all up?—The lines were filled with ciphers, and there was no unit to make them anything more! She had been, and she had come away; but that was the Alpha and the Omega, and there was no midway on which she could lay her head and dream. She had been twisted in, and then she had been twisted out. She reviewed the little divisions of the evening: how she had been carried off after supper with the tide—past Mr Musgrave, past all chance of any word or look from him but the then said good-night—out from the room, out from the house, out from the very town in which he breathed, into the even, unfurried placidity of the Combe; and, obliged to be moved either by its cruelty or its absurdity, she vaulted from the former as too sober-serious, and turned her eyes only on the last.

Well, it was all over now; it was done; there

was no more to be said or thought about it; and it was far better to let it go: she should be free now; indeed, she *was* free. Her heart was still, her pulses calm: she should never again deliver herself to such foolish hope and expectation; she would have fact for her subsistence from now; fact that she was sure that she could clutch when she wanted it, and that would not mock her by vanishing into air. She would sink back into the repose and serenity of the Combe; she would be her father's solace, her mother's listener, with only her music and her cheerfulness to be the gilding spread upon her way.

Two days after, she was ready for a walk to Aberminster. Ashbury Hall picnic was her errand, of course. In all history, the lives of men, being traced from outside points, approach the centre of some great event, and there become woven into one harmonious whole; and it was the same with Kitty and her friends. They were walking steadily towards their great pleasure-party; they carried each their thread to add it to the general woof; and though each was but an individual, a single purpose was actuating every one; and Kitty—any more than any other—could not wrestle against her fate. She was to go to the grocer's, and the chemist's, and the Cedars (the name of the Folletts' house), and if she did not execute her commissions properly, there would ensue a general woe.

'Pray, don't forget,' Mrs Courtney called after her, for the dozenth time: 'there is the essence of almonds, and the isinglass; the anchovy paste, and sardines; and then there is the message to the Folletts—altogether five things. Don't forget one; there's a good girl.'

'To be sure, mamma,' Kitty cried. 'I will recollect that I have five fingers and five senses; and I will even go so far as to remember that there are five lancets in the church east windows, and that between our seat and the pulpit there are five pews; and then I shall be just as good as when I was a little girl home for the holidays at school! I will not forget!' Upon which she went a few steps out of her way to look in through the drawing-room window, and give an extra nod to her dear 'pap'; and then gathering a just-opened blush-rose, that was looking far too beautiful to be heedlessly passed by, she was really off Combe precincts, and set out upon her road.

If anybody else could have forgotten that Bracklington House—Abel Musgrave's—was next door to the Cedars, where she was going, Kitty Courtney didn't. Magnificently free as she was, superlatively superior to the fetters that might *once* have bound her, she was as conscious of the fact as if it had been a fierce Indian sun, and were pouring down vertically on her unprotected head. She knew the owner would not be there; she knew it was the time he would be absent at his factory; but she gave a long look at the well-known windows, and at the great hall-door that stood between them, nevertheless. Nearly all the shutters were closed; the flower-beds were unfilled; there was a thorough air of desertion and neglect everywhere about. And Kitty knew what this meant for Abel Musgrave. She knew it pointed at rigid self-denial—altered habits that must have seemed to him like migration to another land. But she walked on; made her call; walked by again; executed her little errands—with a salutation here and there as she passed any one she knew; and was down the hill again, leaving the narrow pavements of real

Aberminster town. Then she had to choose between one more street again or a pathway through the minster-yard; and having had enough of bustle and confusion, she decided to avoid the chance of any more, and she passed through the posts that formed the headway of the quiet path.

Dear, dear! There was Abel Musgrave!—What should she do?—He did not see her!—Should she turn back?—He was toiling, with two sticks to help him, to the seat in the south porch (quite close upon the path), and he need never know that she had been so near!—What should she do?

There was no choice now. Musgrave had accomplished his sharp difficulty of climbing into the porch, and had no sooner thrown himself heavily on to the seat than he had seen her, and was struggling to draw himself up once more, that he might do the meeting fitting honour. She could only run to him the same moment, hindering him, and laying a thoughtful hand upon his arm.

'You must not get up,' she cried, 'now I see you are so tired. I will sit by you rather than that; then I, too, shall get a rest.'

She did as she said, and the old south porch held them; and the sculptured angels were the only audience, with their folded hands and low-bent heads.

Abie thanked her warmly, so that the blushes flew into her cheeks. His resting-place would have an association now, he said. He always stopped there on his slow way from his home to his factory, and it would have a memory now it had always lacked before. She was *very* kind.

Kitty thought of the shrouded windows she had just passed by, and the flowerless garden-beds; and she could not reply with all of her usual cheeriness and laugh.

'It is no harm, Mr Musgrave,' she said, 'to have to do things to which we are not used. It is very good that there is a seat here exactly where you want it.'

'Yes, that is *very* good,' answered Musgrave, 'especially *now*'—and here Kitty was obliged to look up with a little smile and bow, because it was her nature, and she could not help it—'but the poverty that brings me here is no pastime! It requires a strong will to battle with that!'

Poor Kitty! This was just the time when she could have said: 'Poverty, Abie, is nothing! I am yours all the same!' or, rather, this was just the time when she could have sighed out that, if she had not been so magnificently free! so superlatively superior to love's every little chain!—but what could she do now? Nothing. Nothing but let her eyes again fall down; but trace round the dim carving of a grave-stone at her foot; but feel her heart was beating very hard.

'May I tell you,' asked Musgrave, 'what poverty brings to me?'

'Yes,' said Kitty, with her eyes quite down.

Then she heard Musgrave say that poverty meant, for him, the giving up of the one thing he wished for, the determination to do his all—to endure everything—till he could get back into his former position, and enjoy what he had enjoyed before. She heard him say that to do this, perhaps, he ought to have given up Bracklington House; but it was the mere shell of what it had been, he was living there with only one servant—all the furniture being gone—and he thought he might have been many months before he could have

found any one to take it; and so, with that much of his former self, there he stayed. And then poverty, he said, made him work: it made him be his own overlooker, his own head-clerk; for he was resolved to pay off all his debts; he would recover his position no other way. But, he went on to tell, this was the mere sketch of poverty. The filling up came to a great deal more. Those were the few broad facts, which in themselves would be small and easy; but a hundred things that had become his nature had now to be checked a hundred times a day; and then there was the great wide fear, that when he had worked up to the prize he longed for, the prize might have been grasped by some other, and be gone away!

And there was nothing more. The old dim-carved grave-stone had other feet to tread it, the listening sculpture heard what other voices said. A group of visitors, led by the sexton, came up to enter that way into the church, and as they referred to Mr Musgrave for some matter of architectural history that was a point of dispute, Kitty said a little fluttering good-bye, and went her way. But she *thought* Abie pressed her hand; she *thought* his eyes had some special meaning in them as they rested on her face; and somehow she was not so confidently certain of her freedom when she got back to the Combe as she had been when she had started from it! And somehow she was not so confidently certain that it was so *very* happy to be free! It seemed to her—there was just a sweet savour coming—that there was something else that might possibly become a great deal more delicious still!

THE BASTILLE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE details given in our former chapter will have afforded a clear idea of the organisation of the administration of the Bastille; we may now proceed to speak of some of the most striking facts mentioned in the archives of that institution, gathered from them by the laborious researches of M. Ravaisson, wherever those documents were to be found, which included the British Museum, those in the Dubrowski Collection at St Petersburg, the Arsenal and Imperial libraries at Paris, and other sources existing in that capital.

The case of the Count di Pagano, or Pagan, is one of the earliest of the sad histories recorded. What his offence was, beyond the accusation that he had been heard to say that he would kill the king by magical arts, is a mystery. The account that may be gathered from his letters, written in Italian, represents him as an old man seventy-eight years of age. He was imprisoned in 1652, and the letters he addressed to the minister Colbert date from 1661 to 1665; it cannot, therefore, be said that he was impatient in beginning the long course of supplications he continued until the day of his death, as is supposed. The tale of his sufferings is more pitiful than many a narrative of a like kind that has made a noise in the world. Their severity may be inferred from the statement, that from want of means to buy candles, he was obliged to pass the greater part of his time in darkness;

that he had been compelled to wear the same and only shirt he possessed seven months. He begged the minister to make the sole gift he had bestowed on him, four hundred francs, an annuity, in order that he might not be compelled to lie naked on the bare ground; the man of whom he hired the few articles he had previously had the use of, having refused to allow him to retain them any longer, because he had not been paid for upwards of a year. The sole answer of Colbert to his heart-rending supplications that can be found is the laconic one, 'Let him be clothed.' What ultimately became of him is not known; the date of his last letter is the 28th November 1665, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the celebrated engineer, Blaise Pagan, is recorded to have died at Paris on that very day; the question is, whether this may not be the same man who had endured this terrible imprisonment through thirteen weary years, without having been brought to trial, and simply because of the accusation that he had boasted that he would cause the king's death by his magical arts.

The hatred Mazarin bore to the Cardinal de Retz extended to his servants and all connected with him. Either the minister must have been very severe on the score of morals, or he was hard driven to find a reason for committing the Abbé Dorat, a friend of the cardinal's, to the Bastille, the charge against him being merely, that when he lost money at card-playing, he cursed and swore out of all measure. That he was not likely to improve in this respect while in prison, is certain, supposing the statement of an official is true, that the greater part of the prisoners lived without religion, amidst curses and blasphemy; that the Bastille was, in fact, a kind of hell upon earth, in which the strong-minded, strong-armed spinster, who bore the name of De Vezilly, and whose appearance as a litigant was familiar to all who attended the law-courts, was greatly out of place. She was confined sixteen months in the prison, for having abused, boxed the ears, and attempted to strangle the president of one of the law-courts, because, as she alleged, he had favoured the cause of her brothers, in opposition to her own.

Another case shews to what extent crimes might be committed with impunity by men possessing influence even so late as the time of Colbert. The criminal was a certain Marquis de l'Hôpital, cousin of the marshal of that name, who was noted in the locality where he lived for his dissolute conduct. The parish priest, who did not see in his high rank any reason for sparing him, publicly rebuked him. To revenge this well-deserved censure, he waylaid the priest, and with the aid of two pages he had taken with him, he killed a peasant who accompanied the censor of his acts, and left the latter lying on the ground, with, as was stated in the account drawn up for official purposes, no less than one hundred and twenty wounds, notwithstanding which he was picked up alive. The offence for which he underwent this cruel treatment was so creditable to him,

that the whole body of the clergy took up his cause. The marquis was summoned to answer for his crime before the parliament, but he managed to elude the condemnation hanging over his head by availing himself of all the expedients at the command of the wealthy and influential in those days to put off any judgment of his case. Meanwhile the affair had assumed the form of a struggle between the nobility and clergy, the latter endeavouring to rouse the king into doing justice, by recalling to his memory that he had solemnly sworn on the day of his consecration to renounce the right of pardon in the case of assaults on ecclesiastics. The nobility, on the other hand, saw, or pretended to see, in this attempt to bring one of their order to justice, an attack on their privileges, which they represented as involving an attack on those of royalty. By the exercise of his influence, and the claims he had on the regency, the chief of which is said to have been the murder of the Marshal d'Ancre, Marshal de l'Hôpital procured the grant of what were termed 'letters of abolition,' which seems to mean a quashing of the entire case. The scandal, however, was of too crying a nature to admit of such a termination of the affair, and the parliament refusing to let the matter drop, the only way in which a victory could be obtained over it was the manoeuvre of making the criminal surrender himself as a prisoner, and then conniving at his escape.

It was about the same time that the first pamphleteer was arrested on account of circulating what in France were termed *gazettes à la main*, or, as similar publications were called in England, 'flying sheets,' which in France, and probably in this country also, would have been often better denominated by the omission of the letter *f*. He did not suffer long for his novel offence; his plea, that what he had done was for the purpose of earning his daily bread—a plea that seems to have been equivalent to absence of malicious motives—was deemed a sufficient excuse, and he was set at liberty.

Wicquefort—the author of a work bearing the title, *The Ambassador and his Functions*, which, by the way, was written while he lay in prison under sentence of imprisonment for life for having sold, in 1675, to the English ambassador the originals of the secret advices given by Lord Haward to the Dutch government—tasted imprisonment in the Bastille, but was liberated after a few days, though only to be conducted, very much like a common felon, by an agent of police, to Calais, and there put on board a vessel, by which he was conveyed to his country, and surrendered into the hands of his government. The documents dug up concerning him by M. Ravaisson would induce any jury to pronounce that he richly deserved the treatment he received.

Mistakes were sometimes made in the arrest of individuals; one of these occurred in the case of the king's biographer, a man named Magnon, who acted with Molière, and who was himself the author of some very indifferent plays. The mistake was made clear, and he was liberated after a short imprisonment, though, if he could have foreseen that he would be murdered soon afterwards, he would probably have preferred enduring the ills he had, to exposing himself to so tragical an end.

From the description given of the building and

the manner in which it was guarded, the reader will have no difficulty in believing that escape from the Bastille—unless connived at by the authorities—would be impossible. Nevertheless, an escape from it was once made, and the narrative is one of the most marvellous on record. The name of the prisoner who had the courage to attempt it was Latude. The offence for which he was imprisoned was having attempted to obtain an appointment by representing to Madame Pompadour that a plot existed for taking her life; rather an odd way of effecting his wishes, but his calculation was, that by awakening her gratitude, he might succeed. His scheme was seen through; and to punish him, he was sent first to the prison at Vincennes, from which place he made his escape, and then to the Bastille. By observation, and by counting the number of steps that led from his chamber to the chapel, he satisfied himself that there must be a double floor. By means of two iron legs drawn from his table, and worked on the tiled floor until they had a flat edge resembling a chisel, he and a fellow-prisoner got up the tiles, and found that not only was there a double floor, but that the space was left empty. The next thing to be done was to make a cord, and to do this he was abundantly supplied with material; having at his disposal a good stock of linen, which he had been allowed to retain as not being contrary to the regulations of the prison. They began by drawing out the threads one by one, until they had sufficient to make a kind of ladder between fifty and sixty feet in length. By means of this ladder, they sustained themselves in the chimney, while they worked with the legs of the table at the iron bars which defended the exit of prisoners in that direction. This labour was frightful. The mortar had become so hard by time, that if they managed to clear it away to the depth of the eighth of an inch round one bar in the course of a night, they considered it a good night's work. To soften the mortar, they used to ascend with their mouths full of water, and spurt it into the hole, little by little, as they got on with their work. Had they been able to work freely, this would have been excessively toilsome: as it was, they had to work in such painful positions, that one hour at a time was the most they could endure, and their hands were so cut and bruised that they never descended from their labour without finding them covered with blood. Notwithstanding the torture it caused—of which Latude could never speak in after-years without a shudder—they persevered in their labour; and at the end of six months, during which they had steadily prosecuted it, they had succeeded in loosening the whole of the bars, and were at liberty to continue the manufacture of the rest of the articles they required.

First of these was the wooden ladder, to enable them to ascend from the moat to the parapet, and from thence to the governor's garden. As the prisoners had to supply themselves with fuel at their own expense, they had a stock of wood in their cell, which was sawed up in logs of about twenty inches in length. To cut these logs to suit their purpose, a saw was necessary; this he made out of an iron candlestick, by means of half of the steel belonging to the tinder-box, from which he had previously manufactured a knife. By the use of these tools, they worked their logs into a ladder, every part of which was marked in such a way that they could put it together in the dark.

All these things were stowed away beneath the floor as they were completed, to await the night when the attempt at escape was to be made. But in addition to the wooden ladder, another had to be made of not less than eighty feet in length. The linen and silk articles were again resorted to, and the process of unravelling continued until, in course of time, they had worked the threads into rope capable of bearing the weight of a man. This was intended to effect the descent from the top of the Bastille; but this was not enough. Knowing that this top projected over the wall too far to allow a man to steady himself in his descent by its means, and not knowing how long circumstances might require them to remain on the ladder, during which they would be swinging backward and forward, and spinning round like a joint of meat before a fire, they made another rope one hundred and sixty feet long, which they passed through two holes drilled through the ends of one of their logs. This rope would of course hang double, and by holding one in the right hand, and the other in the left, they were able to steady themselves in their descent. Other ropes were made for sundry purposes, the total length made by them being about four hundred and seventy yards in length. So much for the preparations, which were only a part of those required before the attempt to escape could be made.

Having fixed on a night to make the attempt to escape, Latude climbed the chimney, in doing which he underwent great pain from the grating off of the skin from his elbows and knees. He had carried up a cord with him, and by its means he drew up the different things they required to aid their escape, which were followed by his companion. Having reached the platform, they fastened the ladder to one of the guns, and Latude descended successfully, but with immense pain and difficulty. His companion then drew up the loose rope, and lowered their tools, after which he came down himself, Latude holding the bottom of the ladder, which made it comparatively easy. All this was done within hearing of the sound of the sentinel's footsteps as he marched to and fro. The moat they had descended into was filled with water to the height of their armpits, and had pieces of ice floating in it. As they had been obliged to give up the mode of escape they had planned in the first instance, the only other way was to wade through this water to the opposite side, and by means of their bars to make a hole through the wall. This wall was nearly five feet thick, and it took nine hours to make a hole large enough to squeeze through. Besides the labour this involved, every half hour they were obliged to dip their heads under water, to avoid the risk of being seen by the guard, the light of whose lantern fell upon the spot where they were at work every time the rounds were made. At length, after incredible exertions, they found themselves outside the wall and at liberty; but they had not gone far before they fell into an aqueduct, the water in which was about ten feet deep, and there was a great thickness of mud at the sides. With great difficulty they scrambled out, ran some distance, and then fell on their knees to offer up a thanksgiving for their escape.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the Bastille that the builder of the two towers of which it was originally composed ended his days as a prisoner in one of them; the last

governor, the unfortunate Launay, was murdered, as everybody knows, when the Bastille was taken by the populace in 1789.

FAR EAST.

THE great and increasing prosperity of the Dutch colonies has attracted much attention to them of late, leading to their being discussed in books and pamphlets from the commercial, social, and political points of view. An American traveller and naturalist of eminence, Mr Albert S. Bickmore,* has lately visited the beautiful and romantic Eastern Archipelago, in the interests of natural history and science; and, while contributing to our knowledge in the above-mentioned branches, furnishes an extraordinary and brilliantly picturesque account of the fantastic group, in the midst of whose serpentine forms the vast island of Borneo lies like a huge slumbering turtle. Bound to

The glad islands of glittering seas,
Where scented forests perfume the breeze—

to the coasts guarded by the fabled harpy, terror of the old Dutch sailors, the traveller began to perceive indications of the tropical features while yet far off. Snakes swam, and fragments of rock, and sea-washed palms drifted over the sea; and, like Columbus, he first saw the cocoa-nut, idly tossed by the waters—that strange fruit, for one specimen of which a prince of Ceylon is said to have given a whole shipload of spices, unconscious that it grew in profusion on the Seychelles. While the shore was yet thirty-five miles distant, the air was fragrant with the odours of the isles; and as they sailed up the Java sea, the irregular contour of the coast formed scenes of endless beauty and variety, with its dense and varied vegetation, its groups of tall palms and mangroves (the latter even below high-water mark), divided from the ocean only by a strip of ivory-white coral sand, shining with wonderful brightness in the sun.

Batavia is not a bad place to linger at a while, even though one wants to get on to the tropical savage life, which influences it not at all, and yet is so near it; and a quite delightful place for the student of science, as it boasts a number of valuable 'collections,' and two 'Societies,' whose proceedings are of the most energetic kind, and whose publications are of great scientific importance. It must have a strange effect to watch things of this kind going on in a place where the population is so mixed, where the Europeans number only 5576; and the other thousands who make up the half million inhabitants of the residency of Batavia are Malays, Chinese, Arabs, and 'all other eastern nations,' to whom the intellectual activity of the Europeans is of course unintelligible.

The natives (Malays) are remarkably short of stature, the male sex not averaging more than five feet three inches in height. Their faces are lozenge-shaped, the cheek-bones high and prominent, the mouth wide, and the nose short but not flat. Mr Bickmore gives the coast-people a good character for mildness, trustworthiness, and hospitality. They are also very quiet and indolent; are nominally Mohammedan in religion, but not in the least fanatical; retain many of their Hindu notions,

and are passionately addicted to gambling. They are very cleanly, and bathe constantly, in large and sociable parties, on which occasion the utmost decency and good manners are observed. Beards are represented among them by a few straggling hairs, which they pull out; and the lank coarse hair is worn long by both sexes, so that it is not easy for a stranger to know whether he is looking at a man or a woman. There is nothing exciting about these harmless people; but the wild tribes of Sumatra, the Celebes and Ceram, supply plenty of the strange and terrible. The buffalo abounds in all the large islands of the Archipelago, as in Ceylon and India. In Java, it is very ugly and very useful. It must be startling to a stranger to come upon pools of water whence protrude the noses and eyes of these slow creatures, called there the water-ox. The natives make artificial ponds in the highlands of the country, that the buffaloes may rest, after their favourite fashion, on their journeys. They are docile creatures generally, but have an extraordinary dislike to the sight of Europeans, which they exhibit by breathing heavily through the nose. 'At such times,' says Mr Bickmore, 'they become restive and unmanageable, and their owners have frequently requested me to walk away, lest I should be attacked.'

The natives are not deficient in appreciation of the beauties of nature. Among the lofty dark-blue mountains to the south, a native prince, named Rahden Saleh, possesses a magnificent estate, and a palace like that of the fairy Pari Banou; it is the richest native residence in the Eastern Archipelago. Rahden Saleh is an extraordinary person, and when Mr Bickmore visited him, he found him engaged in forming a portion of his grounds into a superb zoological garden for the government at Batavia. He is a fine landscape-painter, an accomplished linguist, and the original of the Eastern Prince of Eugene Sue's romance, *The Wandering Jew*.

The determination of the Dutch government to make their settlement as much as possible self-supporting, has developed a number of mechanical industries among the natives, who appear to be a happy people, dividing their time between moderate labour and immoderate gambling. The Dutch government prohibits cock-fighting, but the Spaniards only tax the vice, so that in the Philippines it is indulged in to an extent which brings in a yearly revenue of forty thousand dollars. The Malay language bears testimony to the prevalence of this infamous amusement; it has one specific name for cock-fighting, one for the natural, and one for the artificial spur of the cock, two names for the comb, three for crowing, two for a cockpit, and one for a professional cock-fighter. In a public garden at Surabaya are some images, of immemorial antiquity, of the gods of the ancient Javanese worship. The favourite, judging by its frequency, is a man with the head of an elephant, seated on a throne resting on a row of human skulls. The elephant, abundant in the peninsula, Borneo, and Sumatra, does not exist in Java, nor does the beautiful wild horse of Sumatra and the Celebes. Six species of deer are found, among them the lovely animal almost legendary in Europe, the pure white deer.

Birds are numerous and gorgeously beautiful, and the wonders and delights of the forests what tongue can tell? To every insufficient picture of them the mind reverts with ever fresh pleasure,

* *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago.* By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A., F.R.G.S. of London, &c. London: John Murray.

untired by a certain sameness, feeling its charm ever new. Miles and miles of magnificent forest cover the hillsides and crown their heights, with masses of the palm, the cocoa-nut, the banana, the zambutan, the mango, the bamboo, the giant fig-tree tall as the palm, great oaks and shining laurels, luxuriant graceful ferns, and the beautiful cotton-wood tree. Far above the tropical forest, the tops of the barren volcanic mountains spread their grim irregular range, in the temperate region. It would be difficult to imagine more enjoyable travel than a coasting-voyage in the seas which surround these wonderful islands of the far East; a voyage which is but a succession of beautiful views, and of opportunities for the observation of the grandest atmospheric and other phenomena. The awful 'burning mountains' lend terrific grandeur to the scene; while the story of the sudden overwhelming ruin which they wrought is not to be forgotten for all the beauty and the life around.

It was midsummer when Mr Bickmore reached Amboina, the goal of his long journey, and the most important of the Spice Islands. Here, one hundred and fifty years ago, Rumphius made his great collection of Eastern shells, described, in 1705, in his *Rariteit Kamer*, which was lodged at Leyden, and destroyed in that period so fraught with disaster to the arts and sciences, the first French Empire. Mr Bickmore journeyed to the far East to make a similar collection for the benefit of his own country. He had to encounter much difficulty and not a little danger, including a horrible ascent of a volcanic mountain, which one shudders to read, and an encounter with a huge python, which is a tale, for all the quiet tone in which it is told, worthy of the most thrilling style of boy literature. The shells are his chief objects, but he will not find many readers to agree with him; they will linger over the extraordinary details which he gives of the customs of the savage tribes of the interior, concerning whom he confirms many of the horrid stories which have hitherto been supposed to be either quite mythical or highly exaggerated—and the wonderful productions of nature, which he describes with a true naturalist's love.

Early in his stay at Amboina, Mr Bickmore saw two fine specimens of the *Birgos latro*, an enormous hermit crab, whose habits are most remarkable. The creature feeds on the universally beneficent cocoa-nut. As the ripe nut falls from the tree, it tears off the dry husk with its powerful claws until the end of the shell, where the three black scars are found, is laid bare. It then breaks the shell by hammering with its heavy claws; and the oily fattening food within is obtained by means of the pincer-like claws attached to its hinder joints—so perfectly is this animal adapted to its peculiar mode of life. The huge hermit is regarded as a great delicacy for the table, and is carefully fed for that purpose. When the traveller, having done a brisk trade in shells, departed for the next village on the coast, he asked the rajah if he could give him a bottle in which to carry water in his canoe. 'The rajah,' he says, 'smiled to think I could be so unaccustomed to tropical life, and ordered a servant to climb one of the cocoa-nut palms above us, and cut off some of its clusters of large green fruit. These we could carry anywhere, and open when we pleased; and a few strokes with a heavy cleaver at once furnished us with a sparkling fountain.'

This same rajah gravely displayed to the traveller, as priceless treasures, a few glass rings, which he averred were not the work of man's hands, but had been taken out of the heads of snakes and wild boars! All attempts to explain their real nature and origin were vain, and ill received. The possession of the magic treasures enhanced the rajah's importance, the explanation would have endangered it.

The clove harvest is an interesting period and object. It occurs twice a year, in June and in December. The natives of the islands where they grow never eat cloves in any form, and there is no reason to suppose they ever did. 'The clove,' says Mr Bickmore, 'probably came into use originally by accident, and I believe the first people who fancied its rich aroma and warm pungent taste were the Chinese. The similarity of the native name to that of the Chinese, and its marked difference from that of the Brahmans, or Hindus, lend probability to this view.' When the Portuguese first came to these islands, the Chinese, Arabs, Malays, Javanese, and Macassars were all found here trading in this article. The first notice of cloves in Europe occurs in a law passed during the reign of Aurelian I., between 175 and 180 A.D., where they are mentioned as forming an article of commerce from India to Alexandria. The round-about mode of travel, and frequent transfers, so increased the original price, that in England, before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, thirty shillings per pound were paid for them, or L.168 sterling per hundredweight, which was 365 times their original price. It was to make this immense profit that the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the English were all so anxious to find a passage to the East by sea, and why, when those islands had been discovered, each strove to monopolise the trade itself, and all carried on such a persistent and piratical warfare for years. In the traveller's account of the earthquakes in the islands—one a year is the minimum at Amboina—there is a close resemblance to that given of the eruptions in Iceland by the Swedish professor Pjakjull with respect to the diseases caused by volcanic action. In 1699, when a succession of earthquakes occurred all over the Archipelago, frightful epidemic fever prevailed, and the theory now advanced is, that quantities of poisonous gases arose out of the earth during the violent shocks.

On the whole, the life of the natives of these beautiful islands is a happy and enviable one. They never know any physical want, and they are apparently incapable of mental anxiety, the desire to have something reserved for sickness or old age is not known to them, and they have no conception of the meaning of a famine, and no word in their language to express it; nature having supplied their wants with an unsparing and unfailing hand.

The prevailing elements of the picture are beauty and peace, until Ceram, the largest island in the Moluccas, is reached. It is really one great mountain-chain, which sends off many transverse ranges and spurs, the only lowlands being east of the Bay of Amahai, and forming its southern shore. Some of these mountains are of magnificent height, and the entire range is covered with continuous and unbroken forest. Many portions of the island are entirely unknown, and the estimate of its population is almost guess-work. Judging of the natives by Mr Bickmore's description, the fewer there are of them the better. The Resident at

Amahai sent some of the coast-people to invite the *Alfura* or savage mountain-people to come down and perform their war-dance. A party of twenty accepted the invitation. They resembled the Malays, but were darker, and had crisp though not woolly hair. Their clothing was not abundant, and being made of bark, resembled a strip of coarse brown paper, four inches wide and three feet long. The following brief description has something about it peculiarly dreadful, though we are tolerably well accustomed to savages. 'Each of the warriors was armed with a *parang*, or cleaver, which he raised high in the right hand; while on his left arm was a shield three or four feet long, but only a few inches wide, which he held before him, as if to ward off an imaginary blow. Their dance was merely a series of short leaps forward and backward, and occasionally whirling quickly round, as if to defend themselves from a sudden attack in the rear. Their only musical instrument was a rude tifa, which was accompanied by a monotonous song from the women, children, and old men. At first, the time of the music was slow, but by degrees it grew quicker and louder, until all sang as fast and as loud as they could. The dancing warriors became more excited, and flourished their cleavers, and leaped to and fro with all their might, until, as one of our company remarked, their eyes were like fire. It was easy to understand that in such a state of temporary madness they would no more hesitate to cleave off a head than to cut down a bamboo.' Nor do they hesitate, for they are far-famed head-hunters, and are even greater proficient in the art, and more devoted to its exercise, than the Dyaks of Borneo, for it has passed into a law of the tribe that no young man can marry until he has cut off at least one human head. This systematic enactment reduces the Bornean savages to the rank of mere amateurs in comparison. With what horror the American traveller, fully realising this horrible fact, must have regarded these frenzied wretches, more loathsome than any brutes! The head of a child will suffice for the bare, scanty, formal fulfilment of the law, though it is regarded as a mean offering—the head of a woman, because she can possibly escape, or shew some kind of fight, is somewhat more glory; the head of a man is held, of course, in higher estimation; and the head of a white man is a proof of the greatest bravery, and is therefore the most glorious trophy. A few years ago, the Dutch on the north coast had a war with these natives; and when they had driven them to the mountains, they found in their huts between two and three times as many human skulls as it is probable there were people in the whole village, men, women, and children taken together. When a man is afraid to go out on such a hunt alone, he invites or hires two, or three others to assist him, and all lie in wait near a neighbouring village, until some one chances to pass by, when they spring out, despatch their victim, and escape. This, of course, creates deadly enmity between each tribe, and every other near it; and the whole interior of the eastern half of the island, where head-hunting prevails, is one unchanging scene of endless bloody strife. When a head is secured, the brains are taken out, and it is placed over a fire to be smoked and dried. During this process, the muscles of the face contract and change the features until they assume a most ghastly grimace. When a warrior has cut off

a head, he draws a circle on the paper-like bark of his only garment. One of the pleasant persons who danced for the delight of Mr Bickmore, had four such circles; and the traveller gave him to understand that he knew their meaning, by drawing one hand four times across his throat, and then holding up four fingers; 'whereon,' he adds, 'the savage hopped about as delighted as a child, thinking that of course I was regarding him as the bravest of the brave, while I looked at him in mute astonishment, and tried to realise what a hardened villain he was.' One heartily sympathises with the comic little touch of complacency in the next sentence: 'Our North American savages are civilised men compared to these fiends in human form.' He saw more of the *Alfura* a little later, when he went into the mountains with a band of soldiers hunting for rebels, and arrived on the scene of one of their drunken revels, in which each man drinks as much of an intoxicating liquor, made from palm-juice, as he possibly can, and then all join in a dance, and kick about a human head, obtained for the special occasion, and tossed, all bleeding, into the centre of the convivial circle.

The most sentimental philanthropist would surely acknowledge that the *Alfura* want a good deal of extermination. Mr Bickmore's sensations are quite intelligible. 'The natives,' he says, 'whom our soldiers had seized were present, and took part, as they confessed, in these bloody carousals. A sickening fear crept over me before I fell asleep, as I realised the probability, that were it not for our guard, instead of our taking away these culprits to be punished, they would sever every one of our heads, and have another diabolical revel.' The surprising fact is that, under the circumstances, Mr Bickmore managed to go to sleep at all. It was a delightful change from these fiend-haunted forests to the beautiful nutmeg groves of Neira, and the splendid coral reefs of Loutar; the ascent, which, however, was frightfully perilous, of the terrible Gunong Api volcano, and the seclusion, for exploring purposes, in a forsaken hut in the recesses of the forest, with the strange bright birds for companions, and the wonderful trees and flowers for the traveller's ceaseless, ever-new delight. In the northern peninsula of Celebes, amid much that is beautiful and attractive, Mr Bickmore especially noticed one dreadful sight, a leper village, containing nineteen inhabitants, whose sufferings he describes, after a solemn and startling fashion, adding: 'No one who has not seen such lepers as these can have any idea of what forms human flesh can assume, and life yet remain in the body.' It is consolatory to read his testimony to the humanity with which they are treated by the Dutch government.

The Padang Plateau abounds in interest. Every production of nature is there beautiful, lavish, delicious to every sense; the sublime, the graceful, the luxuriant, and the romantic are wonderfully mingled, noble and majestic animal life abounds. Only the human race is detestable and terrible; Mr Bickmore's account of the cannibal Batta tribes is among the most frightful records of savagery yet added to the annals of humanity. They are habitual, and, so to speak, *dilettante* cannibals, cooking the human carcass in different ways, and seasoning it with various condiments. They do not eat only their war-prisoners, or enemies; cannibalism is the ordinary gratification of their appetites, and their cruelty is so infernal that

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Dante himself could not have evolved it out of his imagination. The natives of the Pagi Islands are dreadfully savage and degraded, but they are not cannibals. One turns with delight from these miserable beings, to the noble beasts, the gorgeous birds, the curious insect tribes, and the redoubtable serpents, which in their far superior fashion people the far East.

STRINGING THE NERVES.

WHEN you Englishers hear an American tell a story, you generally Ho, ha! or Ha, ha! or wink at one another, just as if it was down impossible for what you call a Yankee to speak truth. And I must say that we do sometimes indulge in a bit of tall talk. But I'm going in now for a bit of the real grit—something that happened down our way, and not something that I was told, but saw with my own eyes, acted in, and was mixed up with; and I want you to be on good terms with me, and for once, in a way, just to take for granted that what I tell you is quite true.

You see, I'm an engine-driver on the Great West-by-north Railway. We don't chase lightning over the prairies on our line, for we're slow and pretty sure. I've been half as fast again on your London and Birmingham and Great Western—faster than I liked too, though it was my trade, so you see I don't mean to raise your hair that way.

Ours is a new line—a very new one—running through miles of unsettled country, where it's no wonderful thing to make out in the far distance half-a-dozen Inguns galloping along with their hair and blanket streaming out behind; and more than once I've wondered how it would be if one of those painted beauties was to collect his friends, and pull up the line. 'Pon my word, it's about as sensational a feeling as can come over you. Talk about your hair standing on end, why, there's a perceptible creeping, for all the world as if some one was pouring canary-seed through the roofs. And, mind you, tomahawk and scalping-knife are not things only to be heard of in Cooper's novels, for they are in use to this very day, so that more than one Sioux or Pawnee warrior can display his green and bloody scalps torn from the heads of the hated whites by his treacherous hand. Seems very horrible, no doubt, and to belong to the past; but for all that, such things are taking place every day in the Far West.

Now, it's through this part of the country that our line runs, and for years past I've drove on that line. I drove there when it only ran twenty miles; and I saw and ran along that line as it stretched out farther and farther into the great region westward, till it went its hundreds.

We've cow-catchers on our engines, and nothing to laugh at neither. On your few mile-long lines, you can fence; but when your line happens to get over a thousand miles, fencing comes expensive, and would make a hole in the profits; so that it was soon found necessary to have something in front that would throw off a cow or a bullock if it had strayed on to the line; or else, being an obstinate sort of beast, it might throw off the train. For they will stray, and there's no mistake about them, and when you see them there, and sound the horn—for we use that as well as a whistle—instead of the stupid things getting off and into safety, they'll go galloping on in their clumsy cock-tail one-two-three amble, till we catch

up to them, and then—well, I should say that in my time I've made beef of a score of cows, though I never made an end of a fellow-creature yet. I was very near it, though, once.

You've laughed about the stokers going out in front on to the cow-catcher, to heave billets of wood at the brutes; but it's a fact, and I've done it before now; and a good crack from a cornerish piece of wood has saved 'em, making them give a kick and a plunge off the single line, and giving us room to go by.

But there are things that will not get out of the way, do what you will; I believe you might sound the horn or whistle, or whatever you'd got, at any old woman who was crossing the line, and she'd only stand still and stare; while, if you had a billet of wood, she'd only shake her umbrella at you, and call you a villain. They're dreadful creatures are old women, and if it warn't for the thought that they were once young, I don't know how we should bear them. They don't seem to understand railways at all; they never have their tickets ready; they're always either too soon or too late; and when once they are in the car, they bother every one to death, and drive the guard mad by expecting that folks have entered into a conspiracy to carry them right past their destination. Why, a friend of mine, a guard on the line between New York and Chicago, once told me of an old lady going to the last place and wanting to get out at the first station.

Well, putting cows first, and old women second, the next on the list, to my way of thinking, stand children, bless 'em! I love children, got half a score of them myself, but they always give me the cold shivers when I see them near a railway. For you see, I suppose, for company's sake, being an out-of-the-way lonely spot, there was a chap built himself a log-shanty close to the line, where he had made a bit of a clearing, and perhaps he thought it would be a bit of company for his wife and little ones to see the trains go by with people in, besides being a bit of protection from the wandering tribes about; for you see where a man sets up his tent, as you may say, out in the wilderness, he's obliged to run risks; so any chance, however small, of making it less risky is snatched at.

I got quite to know those people, and nice, hard-working folks they were. Why, before they had been there six months, that bit of wilderness began to look like a little garden of Eden; and two more people came and pitched in the next bits. I quite knew those first folks, though we never spoke; for I always went by them at twelve miles an hour; but the little ones used to stand at the shanty-door and cheer, and as time went on, I'd wave my hat to the wife and the husband too, so that they generally used to come out, when they heard me coming up or down; and more than once mine has been an anxious journey when I've passed there, and all has been quiet, for I've thought that perhaps the Inguns had been down, which would have meant murder and fire; but somehow I never had that to trouble me, for the next time I'd pass there would be some one at the door or in the strawberry patch in front.

We got to be such friends at last, that I used to buy candy and dough-nuts, and heave 'em into the garden as I went by, for the children to scramble after, and that's what it was that did it, and this is how it was.

We were going comfortably along one afternoon,

till, as we got near the clearing where my friends, as I called them, were located, I began to furrige about in my pockets for a couple of papers of something that I'd got, when my stoker says: 'Hollo! what's that on the line!'

'Cow!' says I.

'Cow; no,' he says: 'why—why—it's three children!'

'Sound the'— I did not stop to finish, but opened the little valve myself, making the still afternoon air quiver with the hollow booming roar it sent far and wide.

'That's moved 'em!' says my stoker, laughing to see the little distant figures scamper away.

'I thought it would,' I says; and then with my hand on the valve, I made the thing scream and roar again, for there was one of the little ones still right in the middle of the track.

In a moment I'd forgotten all about the stuff in the papers, for a curious sort of feeling came over me, one that for a few moments took all the nerve from my limbs, so that I could not move; and then, instead of reversing the engine, I began to creep forward; while, as if from the same feeling, my stoker stood staring with all his might right at the poor little child.

We were too near for it to have done any good, even if we had both done our parts, and it was with a groan seeming to force itself out of my breast, that I told myself it was through my encouraging the poor children with presents that this was going to happen, for there, seeing no danger, was a little bright-eyed, long-haired thing dancing about and waving its hands as we came swiftly on.

It takes me some time to tell it, but it only took a few moments; and there it all is now like a picture that having once seen I can never forget. It was a glorious, golden, sunshiny afternoon, with all looking bright and mellow: the hut, with its patch of flowers; the children by the side of the line, and their mother running out wild and frantic-like, but only to drop down in the track, half-way between the door and where her little one was dancing and waving its little hands as we glided on.

I felt like a man does in one of those nightmare dreams, when the will is there to do something, only a dreadful kind of face holds you back, and you can see danger coming nearer and nearer, and yet not avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood there, one on each side, leaning forward as helpless as the poor little child in front, till, with almost a yell, I fought clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and with the feeling on me that I was too late, crept along the side of the engine, and lay down with arms extended in front of the cow-catcher.

Only moments, but moments that seemed like hours, as with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion, the engine dashed down, as I told myself, to crush out the life of that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and though now I seemed to be doing what might save the child's life, I could not think it possible. There it was, just in front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer. In an ordinary way, we should have passed the shanty a score of times; but now the horror of those moments acted so upon my imagination that we seemed to crawl slowly but surely, like the motion of some vast machine that hardly seems to move, and yet forces its way on with a power that there is no stopping.

Twenty yards—ten yards—were we never going

to pass over the spot? or would some miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to shout, but only a curious hoarse noise came from my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but they remained stretched out obstinately towards the child.

Five yards—four—three. There was the little thing laughing in its innocent glee, for it was expecting some little present from me, who was then calling myself its murderer, and lay there motionless as a statue.

Two yards—one—at last—all over. There was a shock as we dashed down upon the little thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to mine, and to leap, actually jump, into my arms, and then, with it tightly grasped, we were still going on and on; I with my eyes shut, but feeling that I had the child tightly held to my breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was hurt.

Then I don't know how it was, but I believe I must have got up, and crawled back to my place by the stoker; but I don't know, I can't recollect doing it, only finding myself sitting down there, holding the frightened little child in my arms, and feeling stunned and helpless as a child myself.

'What am I doing of?' I said at last, for my stoker had spoken to me. 'Why, I'm crying,' I said; and so I was crying like some great girl.

We dared not stop to take the little thing back, but we sent it from the next station; and you'll believe me when I tell you, that we were better friends afterwards than ever, so that for long enough we used to make signals, I to the folks at the cottage, and they to me; but I shall never forget that little one getting out upon the line.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

SITS pale Alice in the twilight, at her laurelled lattice there,
Gazing out upon the landscape with a sad and vacant stare:

From below the light wind climbeth with a faint and odorous sigh,
And a white star and a whiter moon hang in the evening sky.

She has sat there very often in the days that have gone by,

With the same calm, mournful bearing, and the same sad, sorrowing eye,
As her heart had lost its object, and her spirit lost its aim,

And as earth was but a dreamland quite, and life an empty name.

What can ail her? wonders Colin, coming nightly from the field,

Who never knew the gloom of heart that falls when spirits yield;

What can ail her? wonders Mary, sturdy Colin's sturdier wife,

Who never allowed a grief to pall in all her checkered life.

But as for him who roameth now in shadow of the firs,

He hath no need to ask her case—his own is like to hers:

Both nurse a silent sorrow which hath never yet been told,

Nor ever will while suns revolve, and human hearts grow cold.

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